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The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.,

Friday Morning, July 21, 1876.

THE DISCONTENTED WIFE.

"Dear me," said Lettie Wyngard, "I shall go crazy! Five children all clamoring at once, the preserve kettle boiling over, the pickles fermenting, the moths in my Sunday shawl, and the dog running away with the soup bone for dinner."

And Lettie stood in the middle of the room holding her head with both hands as if she momentarily expected it to sail up into the air like a balloon. Lettie was very pretty, after an old gypsy type, with great dark eyes, a brown and healthy skin, and hair as black as a crow's wing; and this round of daily cares and duties to which, as the wife of a poor young carpenter she was condemned, had planted a wrinkle on her forehead.

John Wyngard burst out laughing, and that in Mrs. Lettie's case proved the one hair that broke the camel's back. She began to cry.

"Now, Lettie don't be a goose," said he, soothingly. "Why, what do you know about real trouble?"

"I don't care," sobbed Lettie. "I'm sick of it all. I'm tired of patching old clothes, and hashing old meats, and hoarding pennies. I'm tired of—"

"Your husband and your children," gravely interrupted Mr. Wyngard. "Is that it, Lettie?"

Mrs. Wyngard was silent and pouted. She did not like to own it, but for the moment she almost felt that she was tired of them.

"I might have married rich," she said, slowly twisting the baby's big strings around and around her finger. "I might have been Howard Lindsley's wife, and he is a very wealthy man they tell me."

"It's a pity you didn't," said John, provokingly.

"Yes, it is a pity," said Lettie, stung beyond endurance, as she flounced out of the room.

And then as she sat down to sew a button on Johnny's jacket, and braid Helen's hair, and show Rosie about the arithmetic sums, and finally when the four eldest ones were packed off to school, to bathe the baby and rock it to sleep. Lettie Wyngard could not help thinking how much brighter her pathway would be, if, instead of saying "no" to handsome Howard Lindsley, she had uttered the other monosyllable. Not but that she loved John better, by far, than Howard, but this wearing, grinding succession of petty cares and toil was snapping all of the elasticity out of her.

She looked disdainfully down on the faded calico dress she wore, patched and darned in more than one place.

"If I had married Howard Lindsley," she said to herself, I could have worn silks and jewels every day, with hired servants to wait on me, and an elegant carriage to drive out in whenever I pleased. Oh, dear, what a world of trouble this is."

And as Mrs. Wyngard laid her little rosy checked infant down to sleep, she felt that her lot had fallen in thorny places.

Just as she had taken her place once again over the brass kettle in which she was trying to do up some rocky pound pears, which a neighbor had given her, there came a loud knocking at the door.

"Come in," said Lettie, and the housekeeper from Hatfield Hall, the big mansion on the hill, came mincing across the threshold.

Lettie dusted off a chair in considerable of a flurry, for Mrs. Ellison was a grand old lady, who wore black silk and laces, and had her bonnets directly from a New York millinery every spring and fall.

"Won't you sit down Mrs. Ellison?" said she, coloring to the roots of her pretty hair, and secretly hoping that Mrs. Ellison did not observe the patch on her calico dress.

"Thank you, my dear, I am in a great hurry," said Mrs. Ellison, "I have some fine laces and muslins, and valenciennes handkerchiefs here from my lady at the Hall. The laundress hasn't come down yet, and she ain't willing to trust the lady's maid with 'em, and they must be ready by dark —and so I told her I knew a person in the village that was a master hand at laces and fluting and such like, and I depend on you, my dear, to do 'em for me."

"She'll pay you a dollar, at least," said Mrs. Ellison. "She ain't none of the stingy sort, my lady ain't."

A dollar in Lettie Wyngard's eyes was no inconsiderable sum. A dollar would buy the new shoes that Rosie needed so badly—or flannel for the baby's winter sacks, or a half a hundred other things which Lettie could think of.

"Yes," said she, "I'll do it. My preserves will soon be finished. Lay the bundle on the table please. So the new family have arrived at the Hall at last?"

Mrs. Ellison nodded assent. She had lived with the Hatfields, of Hatfield Hall, for twenty years, and was sorry enough when the old place went into new hands. But a situation was a situation, so she had stayed on.

"Yes. said she, "Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lindsley."

Lettie gave such a start that the preserve kettle had nearly tipped over into the fire.

"Lindsley!" cried she, with a little hysterical laugh. "What a funny name!"

"Handsome, stylish people; with more money, to all appearances, than they know what to do with," went on Mrs. Ellison. "I just wish you could see her jewels and dresses! Stephanine, the French maid, showed me when she was unpacking 'em, and it's as good as a play!"

Lettie said nothing, but stirred busily away at her preserves, while the old housekeeper maundered on about the wealth and grandeur of the new possessors of Hatfield Hall. And all this might have been hers.

"When shall I send for the laces?" Mrs. Ellison finally asked when she rose to depart.

"I'll take them home myself, about dusk," said Lettie, inwardly resolving to get a glimpse herself of this paradise which had so nearly been her own.

And so at twilight, with the daintily ironed and fluted laces in her basket she walked to Hatfield Hall.

How stately it looked with its broad, colonade facade, all glittering with lights; its grand conservatory, at the back, where palm leaves and banners brush the glass top; and the terraced grounds! Oh, if she had only said "yes," to Howard Lindsley eleven years before! Within, everything was in keeping. Axminister carpets like banks of moss, covered the floor; marble statues stood in velvet lined niches, lights glowed softly, and tables loaded with ornaments stood around.

"Hush!" said Lettie, as Mrs. Ellison, with some pride, pointed out the beauties of the place. "What is that noise like a woman crying? In the next room I think."

Mrs. Ellison's face colored over.

"It's Mrs. Lindsley, poor dear," said she. "The master's a brute. He's been drinking too much, Mademoiselle Stephanine says he always drinks too much—and he struck her. Struck her and called her a whimpering fool before all the servants. I never saw a man strike a woman before, and I declare it makes me sick all over. But Stephanine says its a common thing enough. Oh, my dear, she's wretched in spite of all her money."

"Has she no children?" Lettie softly asked.

"She had two, but she lost 'em both. Mademoiselle Stephanine says she often cries and wishes she was dead, too. And I don't wonder much with a such a husband as she's got. Hush! there he comes now."

And shrinking behind the carved group of Italian marble statuary, the two women watched Howard Lindsley stalk gloomily by, with red inflamed eyes, sullen, down-looking face, and shuffling unsteady footstep.

Silently Lettie Wyngard went home, thanking God in her heart, that she was a poor man's wife.

"Have you heard of the accident?" asked old Peter Styles who was standing out at the gate as she hurried by in the deepening dusk.

"No, what accident? What has happened?"

"That there house as your husband was workin' in has all tumbled in! All a heap of ruins! Something wrong about the foundation they say, and—"

"Oh, my God!" wildly interupted Lettie, clasping her hands. "Was he hurt? my husband?"

"Well," hesitated old Styles, "there was two men killed, and one had his arm broken."

Lettie waited to hear no more. Swift as an arrow out of a bow she sped homeward, a horrible dread winging her footsteps to an almost incredible speed. Oh! if John should be killed—John; her faithful, loyal husband, whom she had recked so lightly of, whom that very day she had allowed to leave her without the usual good-bye kiss. If her children should be fatherless—if—

"John! John!" she wailed, as she pushed open the door, and went breathlessly into the kitchen.

"Well, little woman, what is it?"

And oh—thanks to All Merciful Heaven—John Wyngard himself turned his bright, loving face towards her from a hearthstone, where he was sitting with a child on either knee. "I know it in your dumb questioning eyes, I am not hurt, thank God! I had gone to the hardware store for another barrel of nails when the building fell. No, no, Lettie, you'll not get rid of me quite so easily."

Lettie threw herself sobbing into his arms.

"Ah, John, John, love me. Hold me closer to your heart, John. I've been repining and selfish. I've never been half good enough to you; but please God, I'll be a better woman and a more faithful wife from this night henceforward."

And then she told him the history of her day's adventures.

"It's natural enough, little wife," said John, kindly stroking her hair, "but for all that I'm glad you've realized that money isn't always happiness."

A more contented couple than John Wyngard and his wife Lettie never sat by a cheery fireside. Lettie had profited by her lesson.

If you drop a shinplaster the wind carries it off. If you drop a coin it rolls down a crack. Now where in the thunder is the difference.

The Oracles of Ancient Greece.

As the classical authors inform us, there were in ancient Greece, in different localities, so called sibyls, a kind of fortune tellers, clairvoyants, or spiritual mediums, but of a social standing much higher than that of their successors at the present day, as they were not only recognized but maintained by a wealthy and influential priesthood, to whom the presents received from the faithful believers were a source of enormous revenue. In our present state of society, we can scarcely form an idea of the power and influence of the priests as a separate class of society, monopolizing as they did all the profits derived from the superstitious, who wish to atone for their sins, to obtain knowledge not only of secret events, but also of the future, and to get advice as to their action in cases of difficulty, even to be cured of various diseases; and thus the priests monopolized, for many centuries, the functions of many professions, even that of the physicians, which Hippocrates at least succeeded in rescuing from the power of the priesthood.

These sibyls, of which the two prominent ones were the Cumæan and the Delphian, resided in gorgeous temples erected over caves, from which vapors arose which had an exhilarating and and anæsthetic influence, similar to to that of nitrous oxide or laughing gas, on those inhaling them. The author of a well known book, entitled "Art Magic," who for some time lived at the locality where the Cumæan sibyl once resided, states that it is one of the wildest, grandest, and most awe-inspiring gorges of the mountains around Lake Avernus, which itself is the inundated crater of an extinct but once mighty volcano; while the whole region around, now fertilized by the waters of the lake, bears the marks of the ravages of fire, presenting a most gloomy appearance. The clefts in the savage rocks abound with caverns, exhaling mephitic vapors and bituminous odors. The scattered inhabitants of the surrounding district once believed that the largest grotto was the entrance to the lower world, and that the hammers of Titans, working in the mighty laboratories of the Plutonic realms, might be heard reverberating through the sullen air. The dark waters of Lake Avernus were supposed to communicate directly with the silent flow of the river of death, the Lethean stream, made dreadful by the apparitions of condemned spirits, who floated from the shores of the lake to the realms of eternal night. In this grotto resided the famous Cumæan sibyl; and from the exhalations, which were more or less poisonous to birds and other small animals which came near, the weird woman appears to have derived that fierce ecstacy in which she wrote and raved about the destiny of nations, the fate of armies, the downfall of kingdoms, and the decay of dynasties. Even monarchs and statesmen often acted according to her pretended revelations, as it was supposed that the purposes of the pagan gods were made known to her as to a counselor and a mouthpiece.

She sometimes wrote her soothsayings upon palm leaves, which she laid at the entrance of the cave, suffering the winds to scatter them and bear them whither the gods directed. To the Cumæan sibyls is attributed the authorship of the famous sibylline books, of which many strange stories are told, but of which very little is left that can be regarded as genuine. It is said that she foretold the eruption of Vesuvius, in which Pliny perished and the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed. She declared of herself: "Why must I publish my song to every one? And when spirit rests after the divine hymn, the gods command me to propecy again, so that I am entirely on the stretch, and my body is so distressed that I do not know what to say; but the gods command me to speak." If we substitute in the latter expression the word spirit for gods, we have a declaration identical with those of the spirit mediums of the present day.

The abode of the Delphian sibyl or Pythia was in strong contrast with that of the Cumæan oracle. It was situated in the delightful region of Parnassus, sparkling in sunlight and fragrant with bloom. The superb temple of Appello was built over a similar chasm as that where the Cumæan sibyl held her *seances*, so that it was secured from the approach of the vulgar. On its former site certain clefts in the rock are still visible, one of which forms a deep cavern, into which travellers, by clinging to its rugged sides, may descend as far as they dare. They then experience effects similar to those produced by nitrous oxide or laughing gas; and one writer, who has explored these caverns, asserts that it is this gas that produces the effects spoken of. This, however, is, according to geological principles, highly improbable; and we rather suppose it to be some bituminous vapor, which (according to our present knowledge concerning petroleum and its derivatives, such as naphtha, ether, rhigolene, chymogene, etc.) has an effect, exhilarating, hynotic, anæsthetic, similar to that of nitrous oxide. All the descriptions agree that bituminous are exhaled from these volcanic chasms. Plutarch informs us that the most celebrated Pythia who served the Delphian oracle in the temple of Apollo was a beautiful young country girl from Libya, named Sibylla. From this was the name sibyl derived, and it was afterward given to all clairvoyants of her day. Plutarch further says concerning the first sibyl: "Brought up by her parents in the country, she brought with her neither art nor experience, nor any talent whatever, when she arrived at Delphi to be the oracle of the gods;" and further, he says: "The verification of her answers has filled the temple with gifts from all parts of Greece and foreign countries." How very much like the innocent young mediums of to-day, who are often claimed to give the most astonishing revelations from the other world without ever having had the advantages of a scientific education! The sibyls of the ancients had, however, the advantage of the support, assistance, and prompting of a class of men highly interested in their reputation, the priesthood of the period; and this class not only consisted of the most educated individuals, but of men who had the greatest opportunity of obtaining information withheld from the vulgar.

When we compare with this state of things the position of our mediums now, who obtain little support from the intelligent, and none among the priesthood of the present day, we can not help being surprised at their success and the number of their dupes: our surprise is chiefly at the ignorance and credulity of those who patronize such things in the nineteenth century. —[Scientific American.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

A good coating for outside brick-work is made by mixing clean river sand 20 parts, litharge 2 parts, quick-lime 1 part, and linseed oil sufficient to form a thin paste. It is also useful as a cement for broken stone, drying exceedingly hard.—[Scientific American.

To Clean the Inside of Any Tea Pot.—If the inside of your tea pot or coffee pot is black from long use, fill it with water, threw in a small piece of hard soap, set on the stove and let it boil from half an hour to an hour, It will clean as bright as a new dollar, and costs no work.

Top Dressing Fruit Trees.—The London *Garden* says: There is no operation in gardens, more recommended, or one which is of more general utility, than top dressing the soil as a means of enriching it for the benefit of the roots of trees. The richer the material used, the more effectual it is for good. Top dressing can be applied to orchard trees on grass with the perfect confidence that improved crops will follow, although the grass may be the first to show the benefit of top-dressing.

Of all the blunders that the common farmer makes with trees, none is so common or so hurtful as the practice of cutting off lower limbs. All over the country nothing is more common than to see big limbs cut off near the body of the tree. This is a sin against nature. The very limbs necessary to protect the tree from wind and sun are cut away. But the greatest injury is the rotting—too big to heal over, and kept moist by the growing tree, the limb must rot, and the rotting goes to the heart and hurts the whole tree.—[Gardener's Monthly.

Cure for Scratches.—Take by weight one part of resin and three parts of lard. Melt them together over a slow fire, so as not to scorch or burn, and when melted let it cool; then it is ready for use. It will cure scratches on horses' legs, if applied as soon as the disease is discovered. Use no water, but brush off dirt if any on the legs. Then apply a good coat of the grease—enough to cover the parts affected—once a day, and two applications will cure the worst kind of a case. It is also good for old scabs on horses or cattle, and for galls and saddle scalds on horses.

A farmer who sows clover seed plenteously and uses plaster liberally, need not fear to grow as large crops as he can. Large crops enable him to make and use more manure, and thus increase the fertility of the soil. In the clover crop, the large, broad leaf takes most of its growth from the atmosphere, and the root is mainly nourished by the subsoil. Thus where clover is grown the soil from five to six inches in depth is constantly tending to fertility, and where manure is carefully saved and used, the farmer who grows clover has obtained the first requisite to success in his business.—[Correspondent Country Gentleman.

How to mother motherless young animals—foals, calves, or lambs. Rub the palm of the hand full of gin, on the nose and mouth of the dam; rub a little of the same bottle along the back of the young animal to be adopted, place them together, and the relationship is complete. The advantage of this simple process will be complete to those who have to do with long-wool sheep, where, as is frequently the case, a ewe dies, leaving a pair of lambs, while probably another ewe loses her lambs, when exchange of mental affection is instantly brought about by the gin, to the saving and successful rearing of what otherwise would be two troublesome pets at best. When a ewe has three lambs, and another ewe one, the disparity can be effectually remedied in the same manner.

How to Water Hanging Baskets.—Set in the middle of the basket or suspend over it a deep vase or broken goblet, which should be kept full of water. In the water place one end of three or four cotten or worsted cords, and drop the end of them on different parts of the top of the basket. This capillary attraction will cause a constant flow of the water through the strings, the number of which may be increased or diminished according as more or less moisture is needed. The vase, of course, must be fastened so that it will not tip and spill the water. It may also be filled with "Wandering Jew," or anything that will grow in water, and thus add to the beauty of the basket. The many advantages of this arrangement are obvious.

Franklin Drye, a highly respectable and intelligent farmer of Galena, Kent county, Maryland, gives the following as a sure cure for the bite of a mad dog. As will be seen, he has tested it with the most gratifying results: Elecampane is a plant well known to most persons, and is to be found in many of our gardens. Immediately after being bitten, take one-and-a-half ounces of the root of the plant—the green root is perhaps preferable, but the dried will answer, and may be found in our drug stores, and was used by me—slice or bruise, put into a pint of fresh milk, boil down to half a pint, strain and when cold, drink it, fasting at least six hours afterwards. The next morning repeat the dose, fasting, using two ounces of the root. On the third morning taking another dose, prepared as the last, and this will be sufficient. It is recommended that after each dose, nothing is to be eaten for at least six hours. I have a son who was bitten by a mad dog, eighteen years ago, and four other children in the neighborhood were also bitten. They took the above dose and are alive and well to this day. And I have known a number of others who were bitten and applied the same remedy. It is supposed that the roots contain a principle which being taken up by the blood in its circulation, counteracts or neutralizes the deadly effects of the virus of hydrophobia. I feel so much confidence in this simple remedy, that I am willing you should give my name in connection with this statement.

One of the saddest sights we are called upon to weep over, is a thin man with a thin coat on, riding a thin mule through a heavy rain storm. The look of melancholy that glooms his rain-splashed face as he tries to crawl down under his coat collar and urge his wasted steed to superequine effort, is enough to wring tears from a brick kiln.

TRAINS.

Passenger Trains, North, 7:50 A. M.
Passenger Trains, South, 3:25 P. M.
Freight Trains, North, 9:55 A. M.
Freight Trains, South, 2:20 P. M.

MAILS.

Somerset Mail closes 6:30 A. M., opens 6:00 P. M.
Louisville Mail closes 7:20 A. M., opens 4:00 P. M.
Richmond and Livingston Mail closes 3:00 P. M., opens 8:05 A. M.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CHRISTIAN.—Services every Sabbath. Preaching by Elder J. Ballou, 1st, 3rd and 4th, at 11 A. M. Sunday School meets at 9 A. M. Joseph Severance, Superintendent.

BAPTIST.—Regular Services 2nd and 4th Sabbaths, at 11 A. M. Rev. W. W. Harris, Pastor. Sunday School, at 9. R. E. Barrow, Superintendent.

METHODIST.—Rev. G. C. Overstreet, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath, morning and night. Sunday School, at 9. J. C. Cooper, Superintendent.

PRESBYTERIAN, NORTH.—Rev. S. S. McRoberts preaches 2nd and 4th Sabbaths, at 11 A. M.

PRESBYTERIAN, SOUTH.—Rev. W. Crow preaches 1st and 3rd Sabbaths, morning and night. Sunday School, at 9. N. B. Tevis, Superintendent.

COURT DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT.—Third Monday in April and October. M. H. Owsley, Judge; George Denny, Jr., Commonwealth's Attorney; D. B. Edmiston, Clerk.

COUNTY.—First Monday, each month. J. A. Lytle, Judge; John Blain, Clerk; Fontaine Fox Bobbitt, Attorney.

POLICE.—J. B. Dennis, Judge; John Dudderar, Marshal. Civil cases tried 1st Saturday, each month

QUARTERLY.—Second Monday in March, June, September and December. J. A. Lytle, Judge.

COUNTY OFFICERS.— A. M. Feland, Sheriff; J. E. Carter, Assessor; J. M. Hiatt, Coroner; J. M. Philips, Common School Commissioner, W. H. H. Hocker, County Treasurer.

STANFORD BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BAKERY.
Bruce House.

HARDWARE.
Campbell & Miller.

PHYSICIANS.
F. F. Trueheart.

BLACKSMITHS.
B. G. Alford.

NEWSPAPERS.
The Interior Journal.

HATS, CAPS, &c.
N. B. Tevis.

UNDERTAKERS.
J. H. Stagg.

LIVERY STABLES.
Portman & Owens.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
S. N. Matheny.

DRUG STORES.
Anderson & McRoberts.

CLOTHING & GENT' FURNISHING GOODS.
N. B. Tevis.

HOTELS.
Myers Hotel,
J. B. Owens, Proprietor.

GRIST MILLS.
Buffalo Steam Grist,
John W. Bout, Proprietor.

SCHOOLS.
Stanford Female College.
Stanford Seminary.

DENTISTS.
Dr. A. F. Merriman.
Dr. Lee F. Huffman.

MILLINERY.
Mrs. M. E. Daviess.
J. H. Craig.

AUCTIONEERS.
H. T. Bush.
J. M. Higgins.

DRY GOODS.
J. H. Craig.
Severance & Miller.

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES, &c.
Campbell & Miller.
S. B. Matheny.

BOOTS AND SHOES, &c.
N. B. Tevis.
J. H. Craig.
Severance & Miller.

ATTORNEYS.
Saufley & Warren.
J. C. Cooper.
J. S. & R. W. Hocker.
Robt. Blain.
H. T. Harris.